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pudding kingdom



fantasy

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ridiculous

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Chapter 1 by Tomáš Stolárik

Steve was kicking a ball in his backyard. When suddenly the ground shook and a big hole in the ground appeared. A purple mole came out of it, and he was as big as a bear.

"Are you SPT?" the mole asked Steve.

"SPT? What does that mean?"

"Steve Puddinger Timko." the mole explained. Steve was confused. His name was Steve Timko, but he didn't have middle name nor nickname, and if he did, it certainly wasn't Puddinger.

"And who is that? What does he look like?" he asked the mole.

"He looks just like you, except he has a tail and wears a red t-shirt. He doesn't have a twin, so it must be you. You need to come with me."

"Why?"

"Because Oh Big Pudding has disappeared. You were always his most trusted advisor, so we decided that you will be our king in his absence. Follow me." mole said and dived into his hole.

Steve went with him, even though he had no idea what he was talking about. He had never heard about Oh Big Pudding, and he was never advisor to anyone. But being a king might be fun.

Chapter 2 by Tomáš Stolárik

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While he was passing the

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"Grdzilgrin" he answered

name

your name?"

is actually the mole's

When they emerged on the other side of the tunnel, Grdztlgrfr said: "Welcome home, SPT. We missed you in the Pudding kingdom. Let's get to the palace." Steve didn't even bother to be confused anymore. Of course he has never been to this place, but he could see he was pretty far away from his house, in another country or perhaps even another planet.

Chapter 3 by Tomáš Stolárik



Steve and Grdztlgrfr arrived at the building with a sign saying 'Brain station'.

Steve suddenly stopped and stared at the sign.

"Brain?" he asked stupidly.

Grdztlgrfr didn't understand the question: "Yes, we have it inside our heads. We use it to think."

Steve pointed at the sign.

"Oh, this brain. It's something like train. It will take us to the palace." the mole said as if it explained everything.

They went inside and waited for the brain. Steve noticed something.

"Hey, Grdztlgrfr, why do some people here look like normal humans and other look like wierd shit?"

"What do you mean, SPT?"

Steve pointed at a painting nearby. On it was portrayed a pudding in a bowl with a spoon...and with a face. Obviously it should be a person, but why does it look like a pudding?

Grdztlgrfr didn't even have time to respond, because a fight suddenly broke out. All of the nearby humans and not-very-humans attacked Steve, looking very angry for some reason. They beat him with hands, claws, hooves and tentacles, but only for a short while because Grdztlgrfr interrupted:

"STOP IT! This is SPT! The King Regent!"

The citizens of Pudding kingdom let Steve go, but they still stared at him with eyes full of anger. Grdztlgrfr took him away from them and whispered:

"What has possessed you to insult Oh Big Pudding? He's our king!"

"THAT is Oh Big Pudding?" Steve couldn't believe it.

"Wait. Oh no." Grdztlgrfr looked at Steve. "You forgot your memory while you were away. This is gonna complicate things. Now remind our brain to help let's go!"

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Chapter 4 by Tomáš Stolárik



Steve and Grdztlgrfr travelled by brain, which turned out to be almost the exact same thing as a train except it was brain. After a few hours they finally reached the palace. They went straight to the council chamber because there was a meeting happening.

Steve was very surprised that when he entered, everyone bowed to him. But then he realized he was the king while Oh Big Pudding was gone and the council served him. The council consisted of three humans and five alien-looking creatures of various shapes and sizes.

The first thing they discussed was Oh Big Pudding's disappearance. They didn't say how it happened, but maybe Steve could ask someone later. If he asked now, he would only publicly reveal how little he knew of the kingdom. When time came for a decision, Steve chose a creature that looked the most incompetent to go search for Oh Big Pudding.

'The longer he's gone, the longer I'm the king.' Steve thought. 'So I should make sure they don't find him.'

Then they discussed some very boring stuff about the kingdom and Steve started thinking that being a king maybe wasn't that exciting at all. But he would soon reconsider. When the meeting ended and Steve was exiting the council chamber a strange fish guy with pincers on his head stopped him and asked him to speak privately.

So they found an empty room in the palace and the crabman started explaining:

"SPT, now that you're king, I must teach you what every king needs. Because reigning a kingdom requires infinite money we have a way to get just that."

"Infinite? You're probably joking, right? You mean like very much finite money?" Steve doubted him.

"No, no, it's really infinite or rather however much you need. There's a ...way... no, I'd call it magic ... spell I'll just tell you how it's done. Wave your hand in front of you and shout: 'Money!'. " the crabman said.

Steve hesitated, but decided that nothing is possible in this strange kingdom and he had nothing to lose.

'Money!' he shouted while the crabman disappeared. Steve was holding a bunch of banknotes in that hand.

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"What? It's that easy? That's all? Anyone can do it if he knows this?" he demanded of the sea creature. He just nodded.

"But I don't understand! There are poor people in this country, I've seen them. Why don't they just summon some money and become rich?"

"They don't know how. It's a big secret. Only for kings. Use it wisely, to make the realm prosper." the fish guy said as he left the chamber.

It was at that moment, that Steve decided he was going to waste money on stupid shit.

Chapter 5 by SaintSayaka



His first purchase was a vial of invisible ink that actually made things invisible. He couldn't remember what the second was because he accidentally poured the ink on it. Steve's life began to bounce back and forth between foolish purchases and kingly duties that got in the way of his purchases. He was blissfully unaware of the fact that he had to keep shelling out more and more cash to pay for the simplest of things until a) his arm really, really started to hurt and b) his two worlds combined.

A bowtie pasta wearing an actual bowtie came to speak with him that very morning. "Good sir, it has come to my attention that our economy is in disarray. Might you be in charge of the money spell?"

"Erm..." He pondered. This king stint needed to continue on for as long as possible. "I need my chancellors here in order to speak with you. My apologies. Royal laws, and all."

"I see, I see. I shall gather them presently, then."

"You will?" he asked nervously.

"Yes. Don't you know who I am? I'm the president of the National FunBank."

Steve hoped that funbanks served as well as they did in his. "Oh, um, of course!"

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"It has come to our attention that someone has been consistently using the money spell with no respect for the state of the economy. What idiot doesn't see the consequences of continuously

printing money? It's literally the basics of economics. Anyway," he finished, "we will talk more on the matter later. Ta ta for now." And with that, the pasta flounced away, obviously in pursuit of the chancellors. Steve's heart sank into his stomach. Whatever would come of this, it would not be good.

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